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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 16, 1904. NUMBER 16

SPIRIT OF THE ATLANTIC.
BY ISIDORE KONTI.
In the Cascade Gardens, St. Louis Exposition.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1904. NUMBER 16

A Prayer.

O God our Father, if we had but truth!
  Lost truth, which thou perchance
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward youth
  He waste in song and dance;
That he might gain, in searching, mightier powers
For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

If, blindly groping, he shall oft mistake,
  And follow twinkling motes
Thinking them stars, and the one voice forsake
  Of Wisdom for the notes
Which mocking beauty utters here and there,
Thou surely wilt forgive him and forbear!

Oh, love us for we love thee, Maker-God!
  And would creep near thy hand,
And call thee "Father, Father," from the sod
  Where by our graves we stand,
And pray to touch, fearless of scorn or blame,
Thy garment's hem, which Truth and Good we name.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Exeter Hall, London, one speaker condemned the "jealousy and bitterness that keeps the Christian churches apart." He recognized a force at work that was "kicking over the walls of division in recognizing one Lord, one life and one love common to all." Another urged the establishment in every town of "a common platform for reading, prayer and common Christian activities."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, according to the *Christian Life,* has expressed himself as being in entire sympathy with a delegation of Anglican clergy who asked to be relieved from the obligation of reciting the Athanasian Creed in public service on certain fixed occasions. It is expected that "The Upper House of Convocation is to deal with this matter early." The Episcopal church in America does not require that this metaphysical jumble be given a place in the ritual of the church.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association has been having its annual meeting. Prof. L. B. Jacks read a paper on "The Tendencies of Modern Religious Thought," from which we make the following timely and significant extract:

"When you have lived and worked for years under the belief that you were a liberal, it is something to come in contact with men of different faiths who are about twice as liberal as yourself. The liberal movement in religion is a larger and deeper thing than many of us suspect. You may find it running in a broad and full channel in quarters where you believed it non-existent. If there ever was a time when I thought that the spirit of intellectual freedom had its sole manifestation in my own church, I can only say that I think so no longer. That spirit, which we have sometimes treated as our own peculiar possession, is, thank God, the common property of a vast and ever growing body of men and women in all the churches of Christendom. If ever we are tempted to speak or act as though this were not so, we shall only make ourselves look ridiculous. I am not going to underrate the contributions which Unitarians have made and are still making to the growth of that spirit, but he who can see nothing but the Unitarian contribution is, I should say, one of the blindest of men. It is very right that we should set up our own standard and gather round it for the battle of religious freedom; but when we give out that this is the only standard under which progressive Christianity can march, and declare that all who would be truly liberal must adopt our colors, it seems to me that we are making a claim to which no attention whatever is likely to be paid. Nay, we ourselves shall suffer if we make it, for the arrogance of the claim invalidates our own title to the liberal name. Our punishment will be that we shall be left out when the various currents of the liberal movement unite, as one day they will. It requires very little acumen to see that the different elements concerned in this movement are beginning to discover their affinity for one another, are feeling out towards higher points of unity, are converging towards common grounds of thought and action, which common grounds are not in any one of them at the present time, but above and beyond them all. I have little doubt that the outcome of all this will be such a federation of free spirits as the world has never seen. The best that we can hope for is that we shall be included in it when the time comes. No existing form of liberalism can hope for more. If there is any denomination which thinks it can exploit the liberal movement for its own ends, I pray God that we, at all events, be guilty of no such intention. When great forces are rising and great movements beginning in the religious world, there are always men whose first thought is to take advantage of these things for their own ends, and the question is sure to be asked, "Shall we not capture those forces, and divert them, and cause them to turn the wheels of our denominational machine?" But not thus does prosperity come to any Church. You may harness Niagara, but you cannot harness the winds and the currents of the Holy Spirit. These will not lend themselves to such low ambitions. You may serve them, but they will never consent to serve you.

It is now "Jane Addams, LL.D.," and "R. A. White, D.D." The University of Wisconsin honored itself by thus recognizing Chicago's foremost citizen, and Tufts College honored itself by a similar recognition of one of Chicago's most aggressive preachers of civic righteousness. We congratulate both the University of Wisconsin and Tufts College on this manifestation of good judgment; and we congratulate our colleagues over the fact that they are big enough to outreach the doctorate and to be more significant than their titles. It will be still plain "Jane Addams" and every-day "R. A. White" to the multitudes in Chicago who love or fear them, as the deeds of those multitudes savor of righteousness or iniquity.

Many of our ministerial readers will smile a sad, sickly smile as they read the resolutions of the Western Unitarian Conference concerning long papers, published in another column, evidently born out of long suffering. It looks as if patience had ceased to be a virtue; but the simplicity of spirit revealed in the resolution touches one's heart. There is an ingenuousness about it like the smile of Ah Sin, "that is childlike and bland." The mem-

ory of the present writer reaches back over a quarter of a century, ten or more years of which are illuminated with a secretary's experience,—sad, pathetic experience with heroic resolves, plighted troths and solemn promises against long papers. And still, spite of resolutions passed, official warnings, the papers have ever stretched out, and the first man on the program has crowded those who came after him. The high resolves of the presiding officer vanished in the presence of each particular case in point. As it was we fear it ever will be. When a Conference essay-writer keeps within the time limits there will be reason to distrust the quality of the essay and the loyalty of the essayist. "'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour." Will it be ever thus in the future?

We print on our first page the first of two companion pieces that flank the waterfall at the St. Louis exhibit. This is the Spirit of the Atlantic, the vigorous spirit of commerce, the enterprising priestess of trade, the inspirer of youth. Next week we will offer the companion—the Spirit of the Pacific, where the eagle is supplanted by the albatross, and trade gives way to the spirit of poetry. The energetic and the practical are here matched by the dreamy and the meditative. * * * Radium is in evidence. * * * Incubators for chickens and for babies are on exhibit and in active operation. * * * The talking machine is in the front rank of exhibits at St. Louis. * * * Alligators, rattlesnakes, scorpions, dolls' pictures, jack knives, brass knuckles, shoes, etc., are exhibited in the Postoffice Department at Washington—missent articles. * * * The German section shows a wall paper that can be washed without injuring the color. How many will wish that this might put an end to the annual kalsomining agony! * * * The Agricultural palace in St. Louis makes two hundred pounds of candy every ten minutes. Perhaps this will increase the interest of boys in the farming business. * * * The camera has come to the front at St. Louis. Photography is exhibited as it never was before. English history is here reproduced in photographs.

Last Sunday four thousand Christian Scientists partook of the communion at the Mother Church in Boston, and during the week special trains ran from Boston to Concord, N. H., bearing the faithful on the pilgrimage to the home of the founder. This annual meeting will provoke new inquiry, fresh study into the teachings of this new sect, the growth of which has been so conspicuous. From an article written in defense of the tenets of this new church, published in a Chester (Pa.) paper, we glean the following affirmations. Reports to the contrary notwithstanding, Mrs. Eddy is announced to be in the best of health. Christian Science does not under present conditions deny disease, sin and death, but they exist only in the material realm, which might be obliterated. Christian Science does not deny that God created the heavens and the earth, but "it does deny that he created them as they appear to those who are unable to perceive them as they are." During the year 1897 only, did Mrs. Eddy prohibit personal teaching. Christian Scientists admit that surgery and dentistry "are branches of the healing art which they do not feel at this time qualified to enter with assurance." It is a case of "suffer it to be so now." Oriental philosophy, though its statements are very similar, holds nothing in common with Christian Science. We make room for these comments as an indication of unsurveyed character, of the vague field represented by the vague term, "Christian Science."

The report of Rev. W. M. Backus, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, with the "Proceedings" of the last session as reported in these columns, the resolutions passed at that meeting, which we publish in this issue, and the Treasurer's statement, appear promptly in a little pamphlet of fifteen pages, free copies of which can doubtless be obtained on application, by mail or otherwise, to the headquarters of the Conference, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. The Treasurer's report shows sixty contributing societies, the largest sum from any one society being from the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, which made a contribution of $350. Seven societies contributed the sum of one hundred and more dollars, the total sum from churches being $1,966.80. The income from the endowment fund raised in the days of stress and strain, was $1,271.50; from individuals, $89. The gradual change in the personnel of the management from the lay to the clerical is not only significant but typical. In a directory of twenty-one members we find sixteen ministers, two lay women and three lay men. Twenty-five years ago the proportion would have been very different. A similar change has taken place in the state conference in the Unitarian fellowship in the West. Now, with scarcely an exception, the presiding officer of the state conference is a minister. Then the rule was a layman and the minister was the exception. Is the Protestant church, the radical end of it at that, falling into ecclesiastical hands? Are the laymen really too busy to take executive interest in these things of the spirit?

"The Religion of the English School Boy" is the title of an interesting article in the *Literary Digest* for June 11th. It is the condensation of the views of a writer in the *Contemparary Review*. The standpoint of the writer is of course distinctly English, but the intelligent student can read much between the lines that is suggestive to parents, teachers and ministers of the United States, for here as in England the religion of the schoolboy is too much neglected and comes to be a curious compound of defiance and devotion to half-truths and what perhaps is still worse—half-ideals. The manliness of the schoolboy contains in it too often an element of buncombe, while defiance and honor are made to stand for certain loyalties to his own clique, athletic guild, fraternity, or, at its highest, a blind enthusiasm for his own school as against all other schools, all of which is allied to the bigotry and fanaticism so much deplored among his elders. Perhaps the greatest moral danger of the schoolboy and schoolgirl, particularly the children of the favored who are privileged to

attend favored schools, is the pride of class, the conceit that breeds narrowness. This is the besetting danger we had in mind in the editorial on pages 227 and 228, which the types confused for us last week. With due appreciation of the great service rendered by private schools, academies and individually endowed universities, recognizing the fact that some of the most gifted and consecrated teachers in the world are at work in such schools, and remembering that no consecrated work can be in vain, we yet meant to say that a poor public school is better than a good private school to the child who is normal in body and mind, because the friction of the public school, the free mingling of diverse classes, the open road that puts the son of the millionaire and the son of his coachman on the same track with equal chance of winning, gives a training so valuable that it goes far towards correcting the defects of the curriculum, the inadequacy of the equipment, and perchance the crudity of the teachers. The condition of the English boy in the article referred to would be humorous were it not so pathetic. This lad confessed he knew but two prayers —one was the Lord's Prayer, and the other the Nicene Creed; when pushed further he realized that he did not know the former but he could sing it. Surely, "The religion of a schoolboy" is a suggestive topic, worthy of academic investigation. It is a study that can be easily pursued, for the subject matter, a schoolboy, is ever at hand.

We are sorry to find that Dr. Patton, ex-president of Princeton University, resisted the proposition adopted by the Presbyterian General Assembly at Buffalo to extend the "glad hand" to the Cumberland Presbyterian church, a defection which will probably spread to other branches of the Presbyterian fellowship, already confronted by the scandal of fourteen schisms. Dr. Patton's opposition was on doctrinal grounds; it was a defense of Calvinism. We had hoped Dr. Patton had learned some things during his academic administration and that he had grown since the days of Swing's heresy trials. But it still seems that the ex-president of Princeton "stands pat" on his and its traditions. Perhaps this explains why Princeton failed to keep pace with its associate Universities during his administration. If our information is to be relied upon, Princeton was about half the size of Harvard and nearly as large as Yale when Dr. Patton assumed the presidency. When he retired, Harvard was five times as large and Yale two and a half times as large. Or, to put it in another way, Princeton grew under the administration of Patton 8 per cent.; Yale, cent. Doubtless there are other causes involved, per-cent. Doubtless there are other causes involved; perhaps more potent causes, but one thing is significant, viz,, that Dr. Eliot, under whose hands Harvard has made such phenomenal development, is one of the most progressive educators in the country. He has an open mind in religion and an active fellowship with those who differ from him. And it is equally true that President Hadley is a man of large mind and broad sympathies, whose religion has passed from the period of toleration to the period of appreciation; who represents not the vanishing points of difference, but the growing grounds of harmony in the religious world today. Notwithstanding the Patton opposition, we are glad to note that the overwhelming vote of the Assembly at Buffalo is bearing fruit. The action of the General Assembly will now go before the subordinate Presbyteries, two-thirds of which must approve in order to make it effective. Dr. Coyle, of Denver, seems to us to have "struck the nail on the head" when he said, according to the *Philadelphia North American,* "The time has come to recognize the truth that Calvinism is no more synonymous with Christianity than is the name of John Calvin synonymous with the name of Jesus Christ."

Incentives to Heroism.

Andrew Carnegie, in his commendable but apparently ineffectual efforts to die poor, has recently set aside the sum of five million dollars, the income of which is designed to encourage heroism. This he hopes to accomplish by a generous recognition of exceptional deeds of heroism through money rewards, prizes, medals, pensions, bestowed upon the hero or heroine; or, in case of heroic death, to provide for the future maintenance of wife, mother, sister, or children of the hero.

This much advertised hero-fund makes it an opportune time to inquire into the nature of heroism,—what have been its incentives; what were and are its inspirations; what are the sources of courage?

The first, lowest, and on that account most obvious manifestation of the heroic is the much-flaunted law of self-preservation. All animals die hard, and most of them die game. The most timid of birds, the shyest denizen of jungle or of burrow, when cornered, will show fight and become heroic. Most animals, as well as most men, will die game when death is inevitable.

Self-preservation may be the first law of nature, but it is by no means the last or highest law of life. Early on the ladder of life love supplants fear in the scale of heroism.

Nobler deeds are done for love than for fear. Through the annals of human heroism, woman travels like an inspiring angel. Chivalry is the child of danger and of love. War and women go hand in hand in the hearts of the valiants in song and in story. But the love of man expands. His interests and affections become corporate; the battle-fields of the world are red with patriots' blood. Beardless boys have smiled in the face of death; have made merry of torture, that a flag might not be dishonored. A bit of bunting has been deemed more precious than heart's blood. There is an inspiration more commanding than the love of woman or the loyalty to clan and to country, and that is the love of principle, the loyalty to an ideal. This lures the soul to its sublimest martyrdom. There comes a time in the ascending scale of life when honor becomes more precious than liberty, and truth more valuable than life.

Ideals, not dollars, stir the soul's depths. Who will insult the fireman by the offer of bank bills when a woman and child stand in the lurid glare of a fifth-story window in a flame-wrapped building? The first

use of strength on the part of the fireman at such a time would be to knock the briber down, the next would be to climb through flame and smoke to the place where life is in jeopardy and bring mother and child safe to ground, without hope of reward or expectation of promotion.

Duty, not dollars, gives the inexorable command, and duty's commission grows more clear and more imperative on the picket line where danger is. Heroism is never born of the prudences. He is lost who hesitates. That is a true Bible word, "He that doubteth is damned." Not the analysis of philosophy, but the synthesis of conscience carries one to the death-line and beyond.

As we climb in the scale of being we see how the mad, blind insinct of self-protection rises into the wise, intelligent appreciation of principles and devotion to causes. There is no more sensitive psychometer, no better test of character, than the kind of inspiration that sways the life. Man does not act without a motive; the measure of that motive is the measure of the man.

Not for dollars, but for fame, says history. Very well, but what fame lures the valiant? Not the cheap renown of popularity, the transient huzzas of the crowd, mark the highest inspirations. There is a pride in name, a courage that defends family traditions, that is willing to give life or take life in order to keep the "blot from off the escutcheon." Heroism represents the soul's maximum, and the maximum necessarily implies the combination of energies, the concentration of the whole man, the spontaneity that in a happy moment brings all the forces of mind, body, heart, head, will, and conscience into action. Perhaps this is the reason why war and heroism are so inseparably connected and the soul seems to reach its maximum on battle-fields. This is why the annals of heroism are mainly found in the ballads of a people and the songs of heroism are mostly gathered from the battle-fields of the world. The explanation of this is easy; the demonstration is obvious; the illustration is palpable. So far in the development of the soul the contentions of the spirit have been largely physical; there has been a corporeal element in the aspirations of the soul and in the triumphs of the human heart. But a truer reading of history finds that battle ballads record the grosser triumphs of the spirit. Even on the battle-field, they who went down into nameless graves, they who stood with forlorn hopes, they who represented the defeated, occupy the posts of honor in the memorial halls of the thinker.

Any outward test of heroism, any material standard, any attempt to measure a heroic deed by the height of the marble shaft, the length of the memorial scroll, the size of the golden medal, or the dollar and cent bequest to him or his, belongs to a crude and passing age.

As we climb the ladder of heroism we leave behind us one by one the implements of violence. Bayonet and cannon, spear and minie ball fall away. The border wars, the quarrel of clans, disputes over territorial lines, all give way as we come into the higher, clearer, stronger sunlight where only God's purest heroes can stand the glare. We come to those who have died for truth and love; those who have struck not for their own but for others' liberties.

The inspirations of courage are ever from within and not from without. Valor is the uncoiling of springs tempered like watch springs, by heat and pressure deep hidden within the life.

If heroism is not to be bought, if its higher inspirations are love and duty, let us go in search of an answer to the question, How are we to develop the heroic, to make brave women and valiant men? The answer is a two-fold one. It is ever a matter of ideals and of training, of purposes and of discipline. The ideals must be born out of a sense of the inadequacy of the present as compared with the more noble that has been or the still more noble that ought to be. Herein lies the ethical value of monuments and statues, of shrines and pilgrimages, great poems, high pictures and inspiring songs. These habituate the soul to great conceptions, to noble ideals, and, when the strain comes and the opportunity is offered, there is a storage battery already charged with uncounted power.

This is the secret of habit, and habit is the fountain of unlooked for strength. Use is the pump that draws from the exhaustless wells of God. In the struggles of virtue as in the contentions of the battle-field, the inspired battalions go down before the disciplined phalanx; the drilled soldier is the one to count upon. He who maneuvers for picket duty and for a bayonet charge ninety-nine times for apparently no purpose, with no foe in sight, on the hundredth time will find himself confronted by the dire emergency, and the alert soul will find an alert body ready to do its bidding. The test has come and it is equal to it.

The great endowments of life, after all, are represented in the habits of life. This is the most valuable bequest that parents can give to a child. The nerves woven in the mystery and the obscurity of the womb are an insignificant factor in life's triumphs compared with the training, the discipline, the routine that after birth prepares these nerves for high issues and equips this body for high emergencies. Training! training! more training is the demand of the age; not privileges but practice; not opportunities but obligations, necessities, exactions—these words represent the potency that will make common cause with aspirations and longings, with hopes and ideals, that will give to the future the heroic age we are waiting for.

When You Are Old.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true!
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

—*William Butler Yeats.*

The Call of the Unseen.

A man was in a sore strait in a foreign land. He had been cast upon the shore without anything, and was surprised at the kind welcome he had received. The people and the king were exceedingly kind, and had given him a good opportunity of labor, and placed him according to his talents in a post of responsibility, and it seemed as though he might have staid there forever.

And so he might, to all appearances, and have counted it no ill fortune. He had a wide circle of friends, and prosperity pursued his efforts and crowned him with joy. And it was a delightful thing to be a servant of the king, honored and trusted, and advanced according to his deserts. But our wishes are like birds, and come and go we know not how—and there was laid upon him a great desire for home—the home from which he came—which indeed seemed almost unknown to him now, but which called to him across the ocean, and whose call somehow or other he could not resist. He told his friends that he must away at whatever cost was the pain of parting.

"Well, now," they said, "this is a strange thing to happen just when we were persuaded you would be with us as long as the sun rose in the East."

"So I would if I could, but nevertheless as I cannot, bear with me and wish me well on the journey, for necessity is laid upon me that I go. Truly it is hard, for I leave the known for the unknown, the conditions that are pleasant for those that I do not know, though now I think I shall greatly like them."

And with weeping on both sides, he went from their sight in a boat he himself had built, and which would hold no other than himself, and they, standing on the shore, saw him drift at early morning into the glory of a new day, and suddenly he vanished from their sight, lost in the bend of the horizon's rim. Then was the mystery of parting brought to their minds, and they knew not what to say of it other than that the world is wide—and the wide world is one in our seeing, or beyond it. And they felt that the waves rippling at their feet, which had borne the boat of their friend away, has two motions in its flow; it comes in power, and then steals away in power, and what floats upon its surface so proudly to reach the land, went out with like glory, and therefore must come to port with gladness otherwhere! They believed that it was well with their friend, and that voyaging he would come to some new island, or mighty continent, that would be the home of his affections and the place where he might show the man he was. For ever since the birth of time, which began when the clock of the mind recorded the beat of the passing moments of eternity, Man has loved and labored here, as if cast upon this shore a stranger, and at the end of his days he has been called back by the anged named Death, to the region that he believes to be Home, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Correspondence.

CAMP GOOD WILL.

Dear UNITY:

On a breezy height in our beautiful Rock Creek Park, about half an hour's ride from the capital's center, is the budding "Camp Good Will," soon to become the refuge of ailing children and careworn mothers from the stifling air and depressing gloom of alley homes. Recently placed at the disposal of the Summer Outings Committee by the District Commissioners, this property was introduced to the public in its new character by Mr. Charles F. Weller, a member of the Committee and Secretary of the Associated Charities of Washington, in one of his instructive illustrated lectures, and an invitation was extended to "come up for a picnic on Decoration Day and inspect the place." We went. Some dozen 'bus loads of us were hauled up the steep, shady road that leads from the trolley line and set down before a comfortable looking farm house in what seemed the very heart of the country. Although within the limits of a public park reservation, here is material for all the refreshing interests and influences of rural life. The farm house is supplemented by a commodious barn and several other outbuildings—the ready-made nucleus of the camp—while fields and pastures stretch away on every hand, a wilderness of verdure, lavishly dotted with daisies, buttercups and clover-blossoms.

In his lecture, Mr. Weller had revealed to us some triumphs in the line of summer outings achieved in Chicago and other cities which, although everywhere far too meager, easily put the capital's record to shame. With all her elegancies—perhaps somewhat because of them and the consciousness of her national importance—Washington has notable defects. In the realm of local spirit and philanthropic enterprise she is a complaisant little party who might learn a profitable lesson from some of her big Bohemian sisters.

But the picnic was a success, and so will be "Camp Good Will." Ice cream, lemonade and peanuts were abundantly in evidence, and were disposed of with as much carnal satisfaction as if the occasion were innocent of any design beyond the pleasure of the participants. Yet underlying and justifying the carnal was a sense of soul satisfaction in the knowledge that the dimes and nickels spent at the camp would swell the fund for the poor cramped lives soon to be expanding up there; in the thought of the weak little limbs that would grow round and sturdy wandering "knee deep in June."

In his recent baccalaureate sermon delivered before the graduating class of the Columbian University, the Rev. Philip S. Moxom spoke of true culture as comprehending at once the highest of service and of pleasure. It is refreshing sometimes to hear these terms thus coupled, as though not, after all, quite irreconcilable, not eternally divorced. Perhaps in a golden age to come, pleasure for pleasure's sake will be out of fashion, and the consciousness of service be essential to recreation's proper zest.

EMILY HORNE RANDALL.

To Col. T. W. Higginson.

When justice makes its claim, your voice
  Doth utter no uncertain sound,
And when stern duty calls, your choice
  Upon the side of right is found.

Your sister's cause you nobly bring,
  Which asks that man, with full power clad,
To her oft cup of suffering
  No drop of bitterness will add

Through an unworthy wish to share
  His duties with her, not his rights,
Or a neglect of her just prayer
  To stand with him upon his heights.

For duties done, man seeks reward,
  Not she; her only claim is this,
A justice, ample to regard
  Hers as of equal worth with his.

This present plea for civil rights
  But supplements that earlier one
Which asked for her those wider flights
  Which through wide knowledge may be won.

Since she so well that right doth use,
  May it not follow that she will
The other in no wise abuse,
  Should she that sacred trust fulfill?

So bravely do you take their part,
  O bold reformer, sages and seer,
Your sisters will, with grateful heart,
  Your name and memory revere.

—*A. C. H. in Woman's Journal.*

THE PULPIT.

Prayer: Its Reasonableness and Value.

By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Toronto, Canada.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.—John iv.:24.

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and
Spirit with Spirit can meet,—
Closer is He than breathing, and
Nearer than hands and feet."
—*Tennyson.*

We live in an age of science and reason. We live in an age of growing knowledge. We live in an age when it is well understood that the processes of nature go on according to law. In such an age is there any legitimate place for prayer?

There are some who answer, No.

There are persons, and persons of intelligence, who would cast out all prayer, as a superstition, a wholly irrational and foolish thing. Others would not entirely reject prayer, but would limit it,—limit it to meditation and aspiration,—condemning everything beyond these. Still others,—and these are many,— are in uncertainty and confusion of mind about the whole matter, not knowing what to believe.

Under such circumstances it is easy to see that the need is great for a candid and careful study of the subject, that we may find out where there is firm ground on which to stand.

One thing becomes clear as soon as we begin really to think on the subject at all; and that is, that among thoughtful men, who believe in science and a world governed by law, all those ideas of prayer which came into existence in ancient times, before the uniformity of nature's operation was found out, and while yet God was believed to rule the world in purely arbitrary ways, must be revised. In place of these necessarily crude and imperfect conceptions of the nature and functions of prayer, it is important that they should get others more in harmony with God's real method of governing the universe, and with all the facts of nature.

Nor need we fear. When once men come to understand what true prayer is, and what it is not; in other words, when once they adjust their religious thinking to the enlarged knowledge of the modern world, I do not, for one, see any grounds for believing that the necessary or legitimate result is to weaken faith in prayer. Rather do I believe that never did the reasonableness, the value and the need of *true* prayer more clearly appear, than under the light of the highest intelligence and the profoundest thinking of our time.

Let me give reasons for so believing.

Perhaps I can best do this by beginning with the negative side of the subject, and describing briefly the kinds of prayer which I do *not* believe in, because modern thought seems to me to have outgrown them. This done, I shall be the better ready to take up the positive side, telling you what kinds of prayer I *do* believe in, and why.

1. To proceed, then, I do not believe in any prayer whose object, or any part of whose object, is *to give God information,* to enlighten him regarding our wants, or to instruct him as to the best way of carrying on the affairs of the world. Yet there are many prayers offered which would seem to have just this object in view. Perhaps the best comments to make on such prayers, are those searching questions of the prophet Isaiah:

"Who hath directed the spirit of the Lord,
Or being his counsellor hath taught him?
With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him,
And taught him in the path of judgment,
And gave him knowledge,
And showed him the way of understanding!"

If any of us are wiser than God, we may perhaps with some reason indulge in this kind of prayer. If not, it is plain that the sooner we dispense with it the better.

2. Again, I do not believe in any prayer that is offered as in any sense a *substitute for work.* That is to say, I do not believe in the lazy asking of God to do for us what we ought to do for ourselves.

Once, when they were on a journey in the desert, a companion of Mohammed said to the prophet, as they stopped at night: "I will not tie my camel, but will commit him to God." Replied the prophet: "*Tie thy* camel, and *then* commit him to God."

That was the true view of prayer. God is not our drudge. Prayer is no power whereby we can secure the boon of idleness for ourselves. To ask God to do for us what we ought to do for ourselves is not to honor but to insult him.

3. Further, I do not believe in any prayer or invocation or offering, or other transaction with God, the object of which is to get God in any sense into human power, or *to compel him* by the use of forms or rites, or a magic name, or by importunity, *to do what he does not wish to do.*

The Brahmins of India believe that by practicing austerities, and repeating prayers and sacred words from the Vedas, and by offering sacrifices, one can get the gods to almost any extent into one's power, and compel them to do one's bidding. There is a somewhat similar notion regarding prayer and sacraments and sacred rites, found widely among Christian peoples,—the notion that a sort of mystical charm resides in these which will bring supernatural results to the one who is able to avail himself of it. Thus the Roman Catholic priest claims that by the use of certain forms and prayers, he can change bread and wine into the actual body and blood of Jesus Christ; and the simple minded Catholic woman believes that the effect of counting her beads so many times is to give her so many merits up in heaven; and the Protestant believes that by pleading the magical merits of Christ's name, he may get whatsoever he will—the remission of his sins, entrance into heaven at death, or a barrel of flour: for many a man has told me of getting flour and coal in this way.

Now I say this idea of prayer, which makes it a sort of hand whereby we may reach up and lay hold upon certain hidden potencies of divine magic, to use them for our advantage, I do not believe in. I think it is a degredation of prayer to conceive of it in any such light. These things all have their place in fairy tales, and stories of Arabian Nights, and in the superstitions of the Middle Ages; but they do not have any proper place in the religion of our enlightened age. Here we want truth, not dreams; realities, not credulities.

4. Again, I do not believe in any theory of prayer that *expects God to set aside wise laws* by which he regulates the affairs of the universe, to accommodate my poor whims, or your short-sighted notions or selfish desires.

It is easy to see that if God allowed one man, or set of men, to have rain for their mere praying for it, and another, dry weather for their praying for that; and an army to secure victory by praying for victory; and a farmer to get good crops by praying for them; and a merchant to grow rich by praying for wealth; and the sick man to recover by praying for health; and the living to be delivered from death by so praying, and so on, the result would be simply to turn this world from a law-governed world into one not governed at all; indeed, it would be to plunge the world at once from order into chaos and ruin. Certainly, I cannot, for one, accept any theory

of prayer, or believe that the growing intelligence of the world will accept any, that means this or anything like this. I cannot believe in any prayer that interferes with a law-governed universe, or that does not rise to the height of seeing that law itself is only another name for God's rectitude, and fidelity, and goodness, and love.

So much, then, for the negative side of my thought, or the kinds of prayer that I am not able to believe in. I come now to the positive—the kind of prayer that I do believe in.

What ought we to mean by the word prayer? Should we mean merely petition, merely asking for things? That is perhaps what is oftenest meant; but I think it is much too narow a signification. Prayer understood in the large way in which it ought to be understood, I am sure should include a great deal besides petition. Indeed, so far is petition from being all of prayer, that it is a question if it be even the most important part.

Certain it is, that as prayer rises to its best, and as men rise to their best, so that prayer becomes to them more and more a habitual attitude of mind, the petition element tends to become less prominent, and other elements come forward to take its place. It is easy to have prayer, and prayer that is very noble, and very sweet, and very profound in its sincerity, and very helpful, without petition at all. For example, how could the spirit of prayer be more perfectly breathed than in the following poem:

"O Love Divine, of all that is
The sweetest and the best!
Fain would I come and rest to-day
Upon thy tender breast;
And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, 'Wherefore should I pray
That thou should'st seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway?'

"I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou still must be;
Yea, thou art God, and what thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast."

Now here is prayer, perhaps as tender and devout and lofty as the soul can know; and yet it is so far from being made up of petition, that it does not even include petition. It is simply a prayer of love, adoration, gratitude, trust. Do not misunderstand me as saying that I think petition is not proper. Made for right objects, and in a right spirit, I think it is proper, wholly rational and important. But it is not an *essential* in prayer. Much of the truest prayer in the world is without it.

When I say I believe in prayer, I mean I believe in at least five things, as all included in prayer, in the large and full sense of that word, outside of and besides petition. Let me name them:

1. I believe in *thankfulness* or *gratitude* to the Infinite Source of all good,—to the Giver of my life and of all the blessings that make my life rich, —to the Giver of my dear ones, and all the good that has come to them. And why should I not be thus grateful? I should think myself less than a man if I were not grateful to my fellows for their kindnesses to me. Then am I not less than a man if I do not teach myself to be grateful to the greatest Benefactor I have? Thus I think it is easy to see that the prayer of gratitude—the prayer which is the sincerest utterance of a thankful heart—is natural, is reasonable, is in every way most fitting.

2. Another kind of prayer which seems to me wholly rational, is the prayer of *adoration, reverence, awe, worship,* in the presence of the great manifestations of God's power and wisdom and grandeur in nature. It is the feeling which comes over me when I stand in the presence of Niagara, or the sea, or the starry heavens at night. It is the same feeling which the ancient Psalmist had when he exclaimed reverently:

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge."

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works,
In wisdom hast thou made them all."

I see not how one can go through this marvelous world without such feelings coming to him by day and by night, ten thousand times over. And I can conceive of nothing more natural or right than that these feelings, when they come, should seek expression, as they have ever done, in the language of adoration and worship.

3. Again, akin to the feeling of adoration in the presence of nature, is what we may call the soul's *communion* with Nature. Who has not had such communion, in the fields, in the woods, in the mountains, in the gathering twilight alone, in the still midnight? What was that communion? It was not intercourse with the mere *matter* around, regarded as unintelligent and dead. No, it was communion with Nature *alive,* and penetrated with a marvelous *intelligence.* It was communion with the *soul* of Nature, with that Universal Spirit whose wonderful and ever-changing garment Nature is. It was communion with *God* in Nature.

Nor is man's Communion with God awakened by external nature alone. It may be awakened by *man.*. He who finds the deepest that is in his brother, finds God. He who journeys inward to the deepest sanctities of his own soul, finds God. Here wait for us all, communings as sweet and holy as we can know in this world.

Now all this comes within the province of prayer, rightly understood. All this communion of the soul with its own deeper self, that is, with the God within; and all this communion of the soul with external nature, that is, with the God without, is worship—*is prayer.* We should always teach ourselves to think of prayer as including all this. And if we do, it will help us to see the grounds for prayer; the reasonableness of prayer; for surely all this is reasonable if any action of the soul *can* be reasonable.

4. Still further, prayer means *aspiration.* It means a vision of the unattained, and a desire to reach it. It means a recognition of the ideal shining above one, and a longing to make it one's own. "Be ye perfect," said Jesus, "even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

To look upward and see the divine perfection, and to feel the divineness of it, and to press toward it, is the noblest of prayers. Yes, and the most reasonable; for what can be so reasonable as to desire and to strive for the best?

5. One more kind of prayer there is, before we reach petition. It is the prayer of trust; trust of ourselves and all our interests in the hands of the Infinite Wisdom and Care that is over us; trust of our dear ones in the keeping of one who must love them even more than we do; trust of the world in the hands of him who made it—sure that he means it well, and that somehow and somewhere he will make "good to be the final goal of ill."

The value, the preciousness of such a trust, when it exists in the human soul, money cannot measure; and wherever it is found nothing is more natural than for it to seek expression.

You see, then how large and many-sided and rich a thing is prayer, entirely aside from petition. All

the realms of *thankfulness,* of *reverence,* of *communion,* of *aspiration* and of *trust* are open to it, and would be even if one never *asked* anything at all. And how beautiful and glorious are these realms! How great is the loss of all those who do not repair thither often, to breathe their diviner air!

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

"Devoutly look, and nought but wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then all books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then the strength of God acts through thee."

I come now to petition—that kind of prayer which asks for something. It is here that most men find their greatest difficulty in making prayer seem reasonable. Some say, *Why ask* for *anything?* Will not God give what he wants us to have, anyway, whether we ask or not? Others say, he *cannot* give anything, no matter how much we ask him, *because* he rules by *law;* therefore why go through the farce of asking? Let us see if we can find any light upon these difficulties.

There are two kinds of things that may be asked for in prayer. One is temporal or physical good; the other is spiritual good. Let us look first at the *spiritual* concerning which the difficulties are least.

Indeed, I think there are no difficulties here at all. Such as there seem to be, arise from surface-looking. The truth is, in spiritual things asking and receiving are not different and opposite. They are the same. To ask is to begin to receive.

When we ask God for any *physical* good, without putting forth physical effort to obtain it, we are asking him to violate his physical laws to accommodate our wish. But, when we ask for *spiritual* good, there is no violation of law involved. For it is the law of our being that the first step toward receiving spiritual good must be desire for such good. We must open our minds and hearts, that it may come in. What is the way to get love, or purity of heart, or unselfishness, or sympathy for others, or a forgiving spirit, or any other grace of the soul? The first step must be consciousness of our lack, and the next must be desire. But this is just what prayer is. It is the mind concentrating its attention upon, and reaching earnestly after, the things that it feels the lack of, the things that are above it. Thus praying for spiritual good is not going contrary to law; it is putting ourselves into harmony with law. It is availing ourselves of the power of spiritual law to reach the spiritual ends we desire.

Surely, therefore, we may look upon prayer for spiritual blessings as not only useful, but as something wholly reasonable, and right, and in the line of our spirit's normal activities and needs. To forbid such prayer is to put the soul in chains. It is to forbid it to be free. It is to rob it of its birthright. It is to prevent its obeying the law of its being. It is like forbidding the bird to sing, or the flower to reach toward the light, or the babe to pillow its head upon its mother's breast.

We come now to the problem where the real difficulty lies. May we pray for *physical* good? Is such asking reasonable?

To these questions, I answer: If we pray for physical things with any idea that our prayer can *take the place* of physical *labor,* we shall certainly find that we are making a mistake. The prayer for a harvest, that God answers, is the prayer of the hand which sows the grain and cares for it, and reaps it when it is ripe. The prayer of the sailor for safety, that God answers, is the prayer of the clear head and the skillful hand in managing his ship. Any prayer of words, or even of good desires and longings that is substituted in the place of these prayers, of the clear head and the skillful, patient hand, will prove disastrous.

However, this is not saying that prayer of the heart may not go *with* the prayers of the head and hand; for, as a fact, earnest heart-prayer often has great power to make the brain more alert and the hand more strong and steady.

If I pray for physical good, expecting that God will miraculously change wise and beneficent laws for the sake of answering my prayer; or, if I pray for such good, and lazily rely upon my prayer instead of upon the labor I ought to perform, then I break God's law by my conduct, and my prayer is an evil. But if laboring faithfully with my hand, I accompany my toil with a sincere prayer of the heart, and always in submission to the will and wisdom that is higher than my own, then I see not why I am doing a wrong, or even an irrational thing by my praying. Certain it is that if I pray sincerely it will be likely to deepen my earnestness and my patience in my work. Certain it is also that in all my work I am not alone. I am a partner with God: he must make the wind blow that is to fill my sails, I cannot do it; he must make the seed grow that I plant, I cannot impart to it life. It does not seem an unfitting thing, therefore, that by my prayer I should reverently recognize this divine partnership upon which I am so wholly dependent.

Some one asks: May we pray for such things as our own safety, in time of danger, or for the lives of our children or loved ones in times of severe illness? I answer: It seems to me that depends upon the spirit in which we pray. Prayer at such a time seems to me both reasonable and right, as well as useful, if only we pray as Jesus did at a similar crisis time, in the filial spirit, recognizing the larger wisdom than our own, and subordinating our wish to that.

Said Jesus in his time of extremity: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." That was true prayer. Such prayer we cannot but believe God welcomes. And certainly such prayer mightily steadies and girds the one who offers it. Having prayed in that spirit, even if the blow he dreads falls upon him, he will be the better prepared to meet it; for no resource that man has ever found in sorrow, or disaster, or bereavement is equal to that which he finds in God.

Perhaps my whole thought about prayer can be best summed up by a simple picture. Suppose that here is a child born into the home of a loving and excellent father and mother. The child grows up through infancy, childhood, youth, to manhood, dependent all the while upon its parents, supported by its parents, loved by its parents, educated at the expense of its parents, everything possible done by its parents to make its life happy and noble. Will it not be a fitting thing, think you, for that child to recognize its parents, to be grateful to its parents, to appreciate their love and care, to desire to know them and to live on terms of dutiful obedience and affectionate intimacy with them?

Now change the picture just a little—only a little—and we have an essentially correct representation, as I think, of man's situation—your situation and mine—upon the earth, as regards our relation to God. We are all, as I believe, the children of an Infinite Love and Care. We are not here because of our planning. We did not create the world in which we live; we cannot sustain it for a moment of time. We did not create ourselves. We cannot furnish ourselves with a morsel of food or a breath of air except as we get it from a source beyond and above

ourselves. Our little intelligences are, as it were, candles lighted from the Great Intelligence that shines through all the ordered wisdom of the worlds. Our hearts' affections must have come from an infinite Love-Fountain. And so, when we look about us and within, we find the situation to be essentially that which I have pictured: We are all children; we have been born into a world which our Father has provided for us beforehand. This is our home. In this home we pass our earthly days.

Tell me, does it not seem fitting, then, that we should recognize the Source from which we and the home have come? Is it not fitting that we should desire to know and return the Father-love, that has given us all?

I take it that something like this is what all true prayer means. And if this is the meaning, certainly I cannot, for one, conceive how anything can be more reasonable; or more beautiful; or more deeply due from man to his Creator and the author of all his good; or more deeply useful to man himself, than prayer. Can you?

We are none of us so strong or so wise but that we need to hear every day a divine voice calling us to give us the grasp of such a hand.

We are none of us living lives so worthy but that we need to hear every day a divine voice calling to us to come up higher. Prayer opens the soul's ears to such a voice.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"O, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We, older children, grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

O friends, if any of us have foolish prejudices against prayer, caused by misunderstandings of what prayer really is, let us put such prejudices aside. Let us look deeper.

If any of us are indifferent to prayer, let us put away our indifference. Let us learn how sane a thing prayer is, as well as how sweet and how blessed.

And let us learn that it is for us all—the young man in his strength, or his temptation; the old man in his age; the mother in her anxieties; the child in his joy. Let us learn that it is not for the church alone, but for home as well, and for all life. Above all let us learn that it is for the secret hour, when none is present but ourselves and God.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence can avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosom take!
What parched ground refresh as with a shower!

We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others,—that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overcome with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?"

As a song-bird is shut up in a dark place to learn a new song which it could not have learned in the light, so in our withdrawal into the shadow we are to be taught some new sweet song in the night which we may sing ever after in the ears of sad and weary ones.—*J. R. Miller.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

"The World's Best Histories."

To foist a new book upon the much suffering world at this time is a speculative venture, the value of which is to be determined. Whether it is to be a positive or a minus quantity, an inspiration or a distraction, is a matter of subsequent demonstration. But to make more available a book already tested, to make more accessible that which has already demonstrated its classic quality, is an unquestionable service, an unchallenged contribution to the literary wealth of the world; particularly if these new wings to an old message are not stained by copyright violations and typographical infelicities.

We rejoice in every new edition of a great work under the above circumstances, and consequently we welcome the appearance under the above title of a standard series of histories which are presented in admirable library form and at a price that is alarmingly low. We use the word "alarmingly" deliberately, for these thirty-two comely volumes are offered for nineteen dollars only, as the result either of sweat-shop extortion or of the high economies made possible by enterprising capital taking advantage of the latest science and a most extensive output. We believe that the latter is the fact in this case, for the Co-operative Publication Society, which puts forth this series of books, is closely allied to or perhaps a part of the great publishing house that issues *Collier's Weekly* in New York, the weekly output of which amounts literally to carloads.

These thirty-two volumes are necessarily printed on light paper, but the type is admirable; the page is clean and the binding free from the tawdry gilt and debilitated and debilitating scroll work that characterize the ordinary "cheap book." The binding is plain black, lettered in white, with the coat of arms of each nation forming a dainty illumination on the side and back.

But the price and workmanship are of value only when we take into consideration the value of the material. Long since John Richard Green's History of England, Guizot's History of France and James Schouler's History of the United States, from 1783 to 1865, have had a place in literature that is fixed. It is good news to every poor reader of good books that these can be obtained in this cheap and admirable set. Guizot's France appears in 8 volumes; Green's England in 4 volumes, and Dr. Schouler's American history, introduced with preliminary chapters by Julian Hawthorne and brought down to date with supplementary chapters by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, comes in 9 volumes. In addition to these we have Walter Dixon's one volume on Japan; Alfred Rambaud's two volumes on Russia; Boulger's one volume on China; J. Castell Hopkins' one volume on Canada; John Finerty, the irrepressible Irish patriot of Chicago, editor of the *Citizen*, has a two-volume history of Ireland, and Professor Menzel's history of Germany is presented in 4 volumes. This makes an aggregate of thirty-two octavo volumes now out, representing nearly 16,000 very readable and attractive pages, and we believe other volumes are to follow. The histories of several countries can be bought separately if so desired.

Believing as we do that we need a renaissance of interest in history, the intelligent reading of which would prove a sanitary influence in the economic, political and religious world, we take great pleasure in commending these books, whose presence upon the library shelves of the present writer is deemed a valuable contribution, a very real addition to his literary tool-chest.

Brief Notices.

*A Country Interlude. It is seldom that the lover of light literature gets the opportunity to put into his—or her—hamper of summer reading so dainty, sweet and graceful a little story as this. That the author is the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne will be sufficient inducement to lead many to read the story for curiosity's sake. It will, however, lure those who begin it also to finish, for its own sake. It is a charming summer idyl, in which the love of nature and the love of woman are happily blended and exquisitely set forth.

†The Church and Young Men. The general scope and purpose of this work is set forth in the sub-title, *A Study of the Spiritual Condition of Young Men, and Modern Agencies for Their Improvement.* This is not a mere *doctrinaire* treatise, but is the fruit both of actual experience as a pastor who has made wide study of the subject through the actual experiences of other men. No more live and pressing question is before the public today, and it was fitting that it should receive a treatment commensurate with its importance. Under such headings as The Spiritual Condition of Young Men, The Spiritual Nature of Young Men, The Church, The Sunday-school, The Brotherhood, The Institutional Church, and similar captions, is summarized the result of a wide survey of the field, condensed into concrete examples and practical applications of principles. The book fills a long vacant niche. A full and analytical table of contents in some measure atones for the lack of an index. A well chosen bibliography adds value.

‡Lux Crucis. In Rome and Christianity two great world-powers were struggling for supremacy. The details of that struggle are exhaustless and of unfailing interest. A library has already been written, and many more will yet be written, in the effort to make those old days live anew in the thoughts of later generations. In this long catalogue the work of Mr. Gardenhire deserves a conspicuous place. In his pages the vast and multi-colored panorama of Roman life passes before our eyes. We are shown the shamelessness and cruelties of Nero's Court, and the purity and charity of the early Christians. Through the whole story moves the impressive figure of the Apostle Paul, perhaps the best picture of him in his daily life that fiction has yet presented. When we add to these attractions the statement that the love-story which gives coherence to the whole is sweet, strong and worthy, we have said enough to justify the book-buyer in including this in the list of books to be bought.

¶Henry Ashton. The principles of Christian Socialism and the details of the Co-operative Commonwealth in "Zanland" are here set forth in the course of a narration of the love affairs of a millionaire's daughter and an engineer. Some readers may be able to follow the argument in this form who would be unable to take it straight in the ordinary manner of presentation.

§The Twentieth Century Money Law. This provides for a triple standard of gold, silver and paper, estimated by labor-values. Written with intensity of conviction, but not likely to be helpful to any not already convinced. G. R. P.

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*A Country Interlude. A Novelette, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 1904. 12mo.; cloth; pp. 161; $1.25.

The Church and Young Men, by Frank Graves Cressy, Ph. D. Fleming H. Revell & Co., Chicago, New York, London, etc. December, 1903. Cloth; pp. 233; $1.25 net.

‡Lux Crucis, a Tale of the Great Apostle; by Samuel M. Gardenhire. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1904. 12mo.; cloth; $1.50.

¶Henry Ashton; by R. A. Dague, Alameda, California. Published by the author. 12mo.; cloth; pp. 235; $1.

§The Twentieth Century Money Law; by Timothy Dwight. Peter Eckler, Publisher. New York, 1904. 12mo.; cloth; pp. 242; $1; paper, 50 cents.

Essays for the Day.*

The finest traditions of the New England ministry are represented in this book by the venerable Dr. Munger of New Haven. Learning, literary grace and a noble tolerance combine to give the stamp of high culture to his pages. They are full of the wisdom that is from above, "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, without hypocrisy."

The opening essay, on "The Church; Some Immediate Questions," is the most provocative of thought in the volume, and deserves careful pondering. The division of American Christianity into so many sects is noted not as cause for regret, but as a sign of the vitality of the religious principle, which can thrive under such various incarnations. Anything like a mechanical union of those who differ at heart is deprecated. But "the era of division or separation seems to be drawing to an end. It is doubtful if we shall soon see another denomination of importance that can be called Christian." Great changes are to come, however, in the teachings of the existing churches, as they adapt themselves to the new knowledge of the time. This the churches must do. "In the long run the man of thought will worship in the world in which he thinks; and the more thoughtful he is, the more difficult he finds it to co-operate with a church that denies the ruling ideas and accepted facts that he encounters every day and receives as his own." "The pulpit has no more immediate task before it than to break into this secret of effective preaching—that is, preaching which the intelligent as well as the simple will hear gladly."

"The immediate and pressing question in the New England Congregational churches is, Can the schism of a century ago be healed? If there is reason for union anywhere it is here." Certainly, if all concerned, on the Trinitarian and Unitarian sides of the division, were of Dr. Munger's spirit, a chasm between them would not long exist. He gives hearty recognition to the Roman Catholic church for its defense of the family, of law and order and of labor. The important place of the university as a leader in religious thought is made clear. The conclusion of the whole matter is hopeful. Not formal and outward union, but a unity of the spirit is to be looked for as the churches go forward in their task of leading men "to realize the divine humanity in themeslves."

The five other papers in the book deserve as extended comment, if space allowed. "The Interplay of Christianity and Literature" raises some questions as to whether the debt of the former to the latter is adequately stated. As the central interest of civilization for nineteen centuries, Christianity has naturally been a central theme in literature. No lover of Hawthorne should miss the illuminating "Notes on the Scarlet Letter," a modest title for a most searching study of the book and its motive. Nor should any music lover fail to read "A Layman's Reflections on Music." The layman in this case being a theologian, his reflections lead us to the great subject of music as a revealer of the spiritual universe. "The Secret of Horace Bushnell" was the open secret of nature, which Dr. Munger thinks Bushnell read without help from the science and the liberal thinking of his day. "A Cock to Æsculapius" is a meditation on the facing of death; most cheering, as based on Socrates' happy jest as he drank his way into the "all hail hereafter." R. W. B.

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*Essays for the Day. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 227. $1 net.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Sunday Afternoon.

Go sit beside the hearth again
  Whose circle once was glad and gay,
And if from out the precious chain
  Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread
  And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head
  Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home has been you stand
  Today in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
  And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
  For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
  God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

—*Jerome White.*

The Congress of Religion.

Financial Exhibit for Tenth Year, Beginning June 1, 1903.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand	$ 5.25	
Balance in bank	26.12	
Annual Memberships—		
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Thomas Kilpatrick, Omaha, Neb	5.00	
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Rev. R. A. White, Chicago	5.00	
		280.10
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Mrs. J. F. Barrett, Chicago	$ 1.00	
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"Illinois Granger"	100.00	
		248.00
Life Memberships—		
Miss Hannah Parker Kimball, Boston		25.00
Societies—		
All Souls Church, Chicago		200.00
Total receipts		$784.47

EXPENSES.

Postage	$ 9.76	
Printing	41.50	
Reprints	5.25	
Subscription blanks	1.75	
Supplies	6.00	
Postal cards	3.30	
Exchange	.08	
Clerk's salary November, 1902, to August, 1903, inclusive	666.67	
Total expenses		$734.31
Balance on hand June 1, 1904		$ 50.16

LEO FOX, Treasurer.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

The following resolutions were passed at the recent annual meeting of this body held at the Third Church in Chicago. The memorial resolutions to Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr, of Rockford, which head the list, were published in our issue of May 26.

Rev. Chester Covell, familiarly and affectionately known among us as Father Covell, departed this earth in August, 1903. Both his life and character and our own memories of him demand of us an expression at the Western Conference. Therefore,

Resolved, That Father Covell's more than seventy years of high and consecrated life, and his many years of devoted service to one church and one community which remember him to call him blessed, are and must ever be a heritage of this Conference, refreshing us continually and shining upon us to fortify and inspire as often as we look back on the past years;

That Father Covell's intellectual gifts and moral power united in clear vision and comprehension which kept him free of mind and open of heart to the last and endowed him with a perpetual youth in the wisdom of his age;

That Father Covell's personal kindness, large loving spirit and humility withal made him as dear to our hearts as his wisdom was valuable to our counsels.

That we express also our sympathy with all Father Covell's relatives and friends who, like us, his revering comrades, are bereaved by his departure.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference be instructed to send greetings of the Conference to its President, Mr. Morton D. Hull, at Springfield.

Resolved, That the Western Conference heartily endorses the project to honor Dr. Edward Everett Hale by the building of Hale House at Hackley School, Tarrytown, N. Y., and that we commend the memorial to the aid and support of Western Unitarians.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference, in session May 19, 1904, express its heartiest interest in the organization of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers and in its inspiring meeting at Amsterdam.

We view with great satisfaction this effort to establish a bond of fellowship among our liberal forces throughout the world and to bring together whenever possible those in sympathy with the progressive religious thought of our time.

Resolved, That we view with satisfaction the participation in the meetings of this Conference of the Young People's Religious Union and recommend that at future sessions of this body meetings under the auspices of the Union occupy an important place on the programme.

Resolved, That the members of this Conference hereby congratulate the directors of the publication department of the American Unitarian Association upon the worthy writings it has published and urge that this work be fostered and upheld in the future with care and wisdom.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference express its appreciation of the work and thought required for the entertainment of its members at these meetings, and that hearty thanks for its hospitality be extended to the Third Church of Chicago.

Resolved, That the Directors be requested to adopt the resolution to be framed by the Business Committee in regard to the strict fulfillment of programmes and make it a standing rule of the Conference.

Resolved, That every speaker invited to take part in future meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference be furnished with the following printed direction: You are requested to note the length of time assigned to your address and to hold yourself strictly within its limits. In order to insure the fair treatment of other speakers and to promote the success of the meetings this notice is sent to every speaker. If by any chance it should be disregarded the chairman of the meeting is instructed to interrupt the speaker who overruns his time and in regard to the strict fulfillment of programmes, and invitation to speak is taken as an agreement to conform precisely to this requirement; and it is hoped that every speaker will recognize its equity and necessity.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Western Unitarian Conference that the colored people of our country are entitled to the congratulations of the American people for their wonderful progress in the work of education and economic betterment. Be it further

Resolved, That we urge our members to exert their best efforts to promote the fullest possible development of this class of our population.

Resolved, That this Conference express to Rev. Fred V. Hawley a sincere appreciation of his able services as Western Secretary. His ardent spirit, his never-failing earnestness and devotion, his rare gifts of sympathy and insight, and his persuasive eloquence have made him an efficient officer and endeared him to all our hearts.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference hereby expresses its appreciation of the services of its Treasurer, Mr. Herbert W. Brough, whose ability and devotion in managing the financial affairs of this organization have not only added to the growth and prosperity of our work, but have also called forth for him the admiration and gratitude of us all.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference learns with deep sorrow of the illness of Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, one of the veterans of the Unitarian cause in the West, and sends to Mr. Simmons and to the church which he has so ably served assurances of its loving sympathy, with hopes that the relation of minister and people, so long and happily maintained, may long continue unbroken.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference hereby gives expression to hearty appreciation of the worth and works of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society; that the Conference recommends that Society's publications as unsurpassed for high and true teaching of morality and religion to all who would give proper Christian nurture to the young, and that we recommend to the officers of that Society to add to its present efficient work at least two missionary workers, who shall devote their whole time to the organizing and fostering of Unitarian Sunday-schools.

WHEREAS, Charles W. Eliot has recently passed his seventieth birthday and his thirty-fifth anniversary as President of Harvard University,

Resolved, That the Western Conference of Unitarian churches extend to him its felicitations and its warmest appreciation both of his contributions to the problems of American education and of his championship of the principles of progressive liberalism.

Resolved, That in the judgment of the Western Unitarian Conference the name of the Unitarian Year Book should remain as it now is.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Conference that hereafter voting privileges should not go with the creation of life members in the American Unitarian Association.

Resolved, That the Directors be instructed to see that the names of the Conference officers be printed on all Conference programmes.

WHEREAS, The Treasurer's report shows that never before have so many churches, in their corporate capacity, contributed so large an amount to the current expenses of the Conference; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this evidence of the harmony, prosperity and loyalty prevailing among the churches is a just occasion for congratulation and encouragement; and be it

Resolved, Further, That in view of this favorable condition the time has arrived to increase the endowment fund to the end that the Conference may extend its activities, and that therefore the delegates to these meetings are earnestly requested to use their best efforts to secure additions to this fund.

Foreign Notes.

A TRIBUTE TO STANLEY G. WEYMAN.—This author's popular novel, "The Long Night," of which 60,000 copies were sold in three months, has brought to him a most unusual testimonial of appreciation in the shape of an address from the citizens of Geneva, the famous old city whose medieval life he so faithfully depicts. A translation of this address follows:

GENEVA, April 9, 1904.

DEAR SIR: Appreciative of all the arts whose disinterested cultivation elevates and unifies mankind, the lettered public of Geneva could not fail to note with particular attention your historical novel entitled "The Long Night."

The reason for this preference lies in the fact that in this book of yours it is our city that is dealt with.

We have been agreeably surprised at seeing the talent of a foreign novelist applied to the stern and positive features, so difficult to reproduce, of our past filled with the defense of political independence and the conquest of religious liberty. We have been flattered by the attempt once again to depict these scenes.

You have known how to draw from our national epopee its characteristic note and, by means of the novel, to make it heard afar. In so doing you have once more taught the Geneva of this century what it is on which strangers fix their eyes when they look to us from a distance.

Inheritors of the dwelling of which you, in a literary and poetic way, do the honors, we desire that for you these ideal relations should not pass without leaving in your hands some material token of our grateful admiration.

We take the liberty of offering you, reduced to the dimensions of a very modest bronze, the effigy of him who trained the souls and consciences of the old Genevans and was, so to speak, the living source of the events which your pen has described.

A statuette of Calvin cannot disfigure a study table planted like your own on a spot in that vast Anglo-Saxon domain which, in all quarters of the globe, has been fructified by the religious and political thought of the Reformer, the thought of Faith and of Liberty, become for you a firm support, the inspirer of art.

In the name of a group of Geneva citizens:

E. Goeg, President. W. Burford, Secretary.

MM. Charles Borgeaud, Bernard Bouvier, } Professors of the University.
Eugene Choisy, Pastor, President Society of the Historical Museum of the Reformation.
J. Debarge, Editor of *La Semain Littéraire.*
J. Duvillard, President of the Literature Section, National Institute of Geneva.
Camille Favre, President of Auxiliary Society of the Museum.
Henri Mercier, Professor of Literature and Philosophy, College Supérieure.
F. Roget, Editor of *La Suisse Universitaire.*
Louis Roux, President of the Commission of Public Art.
H. Vulliety, Professor of History in the Commercial High School.

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W. B. KNISKERN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
CHICAGO.

NW296

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